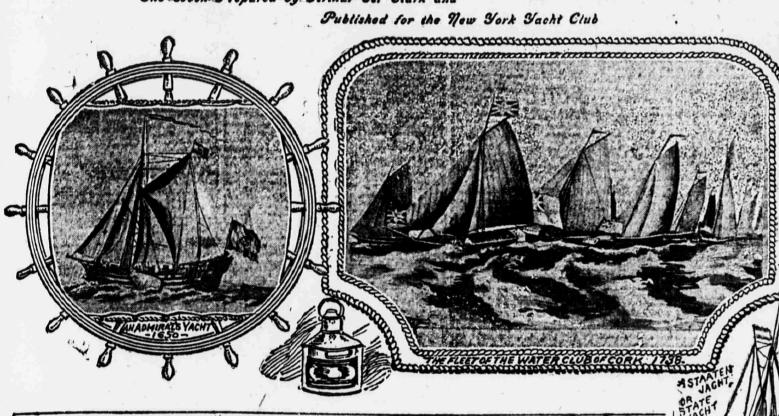
A Yachtsman's History of Yachting

The Book Prepared by Arthur H. Clark and



Arthur H. Clark, owner of the cutter Minerva and a member of the New York Yacht Club, has for many years made a hobby of collecting facts about pleasure craft of all times and getting old pictures and prints to show the styles of boats that were built. The results of his labors have just been published in book form under the title of "The History of Yachting, 1600 to 1815. The book is published under authority of the New York Yacht Club by O. P. Putnam's Sons, and is a valuable addition to yachting history. It is filled with handsome illustrations showing the odd craft that have been popular in the years covered by the history, and there are many reproductions of historical pictures.

Mr. Clark in his introduction says: "At first sight it seems singular that no history of the origin and early development of yachts and yachting has ever been written. A little reflection will convince one of the amount of labor necessarily involved in such an undertakingt And had I been able to foresee the difficulties before me it is doubtful whether the task would have been begun.

"But, once undertaken, it became most interesting, and as the libraries, museums and old print shops of Holland, Great Britain and the United States little by little yielded their treasures, forming links here and there, with many fathoms of space between, it became a matter of unbounded pleasure to discover these old links-rusty though they were-and forge them into a chain as complete as historical chains usually are."

According to this history the first mention of royal yachts is found in the Bible. in Ezekiel, chapter xxvii., the prophet speaks of Tyre as a merchant of the people for many isles. They have made all thy ship boards of fir trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make It was in 1809 that Henry Hudson set saff

masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars . . . have made thy benches of ivory. . . . Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee. . . . thy pilots, thy calkers, and all thy men of war that are in thee . . . shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin."

Purple in the early times indicated royalty and all royal vessels carried purple sails, and Mr. Clark says that "benches of ivory certainly indicate a vessel equipped with royal luxury." Briefly referring to Cleopatra's galley, the pleasure vessels of Isis and Thalamegus,

the royal vessel presented to Athelstane by the King of Norway, the galley pre-sented to Hardicanute by Earl Godwin, the Queen's Hall which carried Philippa, niece of King Henry IV. and Queen of Norway, Denmark and Sweden, to join her husband in Denmark, and other royal vessels, the history gets to early in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch were powerful on the seas. The most ancient yacht of which Mr.

Clark was able to find any record was owned by the Burgomaster of Amsterdam about the year 1600. This yacht was probably used by the Burgomasters in their various official duties.

This boat had the characteristic Dutch high poop and she had two masts. The carving and ornamentation on the sides and stern were very elaborate. All vessels of that period were richly ornamented by carving, and the stern of the Dutch vessel shows to what an extent this practice was carried.

At that time yachts were used extensively ov the Dutch East India Company. In some pictures of battles at sea these yachts are clearly shown.

from Amsterdam in command of the yacht Halve Moone. She was a vessel of 80 tons burden and was owned by the Dutch East India Company. This company fitted out the yacht and paid Hudson £64 with which to provide an outfit.

The object of this voyage was to find a northern route to India. In case Hudson lost his life in the attempt the company agreed to pay his widow £16. The Halve Moone did not find the northern passage, but after a tempestuous voyage she put into the Delaware and later passed in by Sandy Hook and sailed up the river that now bears the name of the explorer.

One chapter is devoted to early yachting in this country. The first schooner built in this country, and probably in the world, was constructed by Andrew Robinson at Gloucester, Mass., in 1713.

Two masted vessels had been built before that date in Holland, but they had not been called schooners. Babson in his "History of Gloucester" says that when the new vessel was going off the stocks into the water a bystander cried out, *Oh, how she scoons. Robinson replied at once: "A scooner let her be." From that time vessels with two masts and rigged fore and aft have been called schooners all the

world over.

The first light built in this country was erected on the Little Brewster, an island at he entrance to Boston harbor. It is known throughout the maritime world as Boston Light, and in 1717, the year after it was built, an engraving of the light was published in London in which the tender

appears.
From this engraving one can form an idea of the large sloop of that period. That year another engraving was published in New York. This has a picture of the sloop Fancy, owned by Col. Lewis Morris.

The first sloop built in this city was the

ready to sail back to The Hague the Tiger was burned and Block and his companions were in sore straits. It was too late in the season to expect another vessel from Holland, and the idea of spending the winter on Manhattan Island was not pleasant.

The Tiger had been anchored just off the present Battery place, at the foot of Greenwich street, when she caught fire. Block and his men built huts to shelter themselves, and then turned their attention to building a small vessel to replace the Tiger.

At the foot of Rector street was a high bluff covered with fine oaks suitable for ship timber. These were cut down and lowered down the bluff, and with the bolts and iron work saved from the Tiger the Onrust was built and fitted for sea. This boat was of 16 tons burden, her length on deck was 44 feet 6 inches, and on the keel 38 feet. Her beam was 11 feet 6 inches.

She was the first decked vessel built in this neighborhood, and the second decked vessel built in the United States, the first being the Virginia, a vessel of 30 tons, built at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1608. Block started out in the Onrust exploring

Hell Gate and Long Island Sound, and he discovered Block Island, which was named for him. This was six years before the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth harbor. Onrust. Adriaen Block arrived at this port In 1616 the Onrust sailed into Delaware Bay and up the Schuylkill. This was sev-

enty years before William Penn came on After Block built the Onrust at the foot of Rector street there were flourishing shipyards there until all the timber was

EVOFA DUTCH SHIP

used up and the ridge levelled. The first yacht club to be organized was formed in Ireland. Lord Inchiquin, the Hon. James O'Bryen, Charles O'Neal, Henry Mitchell, John Rodgers and Richard Bullen were the organizers of the Cork Harbor Water Club in 1720. That club is

now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The headquarters of the club was the castle on the island of Haulbowline in the harbor of Cork, and the members used to board their yachts and sail "a few leagues out to sea," led by the admiral and assisted by their vice-admiral. The sailing orders were as follows:

salute, they are to give three cheers, which are to be returned by the admiral, and one The fleet to rendezvous at Spithead on club days, by the first quarter ebb; any boat not being in sight by the time the admiral is abreast of the Castle in Spike Island to orfeit a British half crown for gunpowder. for the fleet. When the admiral hoists his foresail half

up, it is for the fleet to heave apeak upon their anchor, and when the foresail is hoisted up and a gun fired the whole fleet is to weigh. To observe no one offer to go ahead or to windward of the admiral without being ordered. The vice-admiral to bring up the rear and to wear the broad pennant at his masthead; captains to follow the admiral, and to take

26. (April 21, 1737) Ordered. That for the future unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than

ene bottle to his share and a peremptory.

27. Resolved, That each member (unless out of the kingdom) entertains in his turns or substitutes a member in his room, otherwise the secretary is to provide dinner, the cost of which is to be paid by the member whose turn it shall be to attend, on pain of expulsion.

In 1738 the marine artist Monamy painted two pictures representing the boats of the Cork Water Club. These pictures are still owned by the club and hang in the pres ent house es Cork.

Yacht racing dates in England from 1775. A new sort of entertainment called a regatta had been introduced into England from Venice and was held on the Thames, and at this regatta "several very respectable gentlemen, proprietors of sailing yachts on the river, agreed at their annual meeting at Battersea to draw up their boats in a line off Ranelagh Gardens, in order that they might be able to witness the rowing races without interfering with them."

These men formed the first yacht club on the Thames. The father of yacht racing was the Duke of Cumberland, brother of King George III. He offered in that year a silver cup to be sailed for from Westninster Bridge to Putney Bridge and back by the pleasure sailing boats.

The race was sailed on July 13, 1776, and the cup, valued at twenty guineas, was won by the Aurora, owned by Mr. Parkes. The Duke of Newcastle arranged for another race, which was sailed on Aug. 5. The Cumberland Sailing Society was formed that year also, and regattas were often

In 1776 the Cumberland cup was won by the King's Fisher, a boat 20 feet long and 7 feet beam, owned by Commodore Taylor. In 1777 a yacht named Hawke, one of the Cumberland fleet, while crossing the English channel was chased into Calais by an American privateer.

used. Each yacht was called by a number In 1784 the yacht Lively, owned by Mr. of guns according to its position from the Shuttleworth, who also owned a beautiful villa on the Thames, visited the United The rules and orders of the club were States. This yacht was of 140 tons, mounted odd and some showed that the members states. This yacht was of 140 tons, mounted ten guns and carried a crew of twenty-five men. The voyage occupied about four-teen months. Mr. Shuttleworth cruised from the coasts of Florida to Hudson Bay and entertained George Washington while in the Delaware.

Mr. Clark devotes considerable space to telling about the centreboard. He says:

"There has been much controversy as to who first devised the centreboard. Whowere reformers in a way, and when they met it was for fun. Some of these rules 1. Ordered, that the Water Club be held once every Spring-tide from the first Spring-tide in April, to the last in September, in-

"There has been much controversy as to who first devised the centreboard. Whoever it was he really is not entitled to much credit for originality, as the centreboard is simply the leeboard of. Holland substituted for the sliding keel in the trunk of well used by Schank." Capt. John Schank, R. N., while stationed at Boston in 1774, built the first vessel fitted with a sliding keel.

"It seems highly probable," says Mr. Clark, "that many different persons may have adopted the idea at the same time but the first authentic record of the centreboard is a model made by Molyneux Shuldham, R. N., in 1809, while a prisoner of war at Verdun, still to be seen in the museum at Ipswich, England. In 1811 Jacooka Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain of Cape May, N. J., applied for and received a patent for a centreboard, or as they called it 'a leeboard through the bottom."

When Schanck returned to England he continued his experiments with the centreboard, and he prevailed on the navy board to allow him to construct two boats of thirteen tons each, one of the old type and the other with sliding keels. In trials between these two boats the centreboarder outsailed the other, and the Lords of the Admiralty at once ordered three vessels, the Trial, 120 tons, the Cynthia, a sloop of war and the Lady Nelson, a brig of 60 tons, all to be fitted with sliding keels. The Lady Nelson made a successful voyage of discovery to New South Wales in 1800.

In 1792 there were 43 gun vessels in the Royal Navy fitted with sliding keels. Com-

do decide all controversies or disputes that may arise at the club; and any captain that shall refuse to abide by such decision is to New South Wales in 1800.

In 1799 there were 43 gun vessels in the Royal Navy fitted with sliding keels. Commodore Taylor built and owned four yachts named the Cumberland. One of them, No. 4, was fitted with five sliding keels. N. B .- This order to extend to the chaplain

CIRCUS QUEEN FACTORY BUSY

MAKING OVER STAGE LADIES FOR SAWDUST PAGEANT.

Twenty-four (Not Chorus Girls, Mind!) of Matched Styles Learning to Pose on Padded Steeds-Spreadeagle Act

Frank Melville, circus rider, is trying to do a miracle in his business these days. He is transforming twenty-four ladies of the theatrical profession into circus riders The press agent says that they are chorus girls, but they dispute this with indignation, for nearly every one has had lines to say

Melville is doing his stunt for the new hippodrome, which is to open with blazing pageant of equestrian talent. These are Frank Melville's own words. On either side of the pageant as it sweeps in will ride twelve girls standing up like real circus riders. The girls on one side are going to be blondes and ride brunette horses. On the other side will be mounted twelve brunettes on blond steeds. The agents tried to find twentyfour matched blonde and brunette circus riders. They couldn't be had in sizes to suit, so Pete Barlow, who used to be a rider before he took to taming elephants, volunteered to break in two dozen green girls, and Frank Melville agreed to put on the finishing touches. Two dozen candidates answered the advertisement and passed muster. A month ago the only horse they knew was a clotheshorse. Now

they're to be "queens of the sawdust." Night after night Melville is drilling them by squads of eight in the tanbark ring of an auction room on Thirteenth street. As in all the learned professions, circus riding comes by hard grind. Just now, in the language of the profession, the girls are riding "on the mechanic."

The "mechanic" is a sort of mast with s swinging boom, which circles around the ring, following the course of a circus horse On the mast and boom are pulleys and over the pulleys runs a rope. The whole device is not unlike a revolving gallows with a very long arm. When the rope is hooked tigh to the leather belt of a girl she can fall off three times in one turn around the ring and never get hurt, except in her feelings. She just hangs there like the swinging angel of the flying ballet until the ringmaster orings the horse back and tucks her on

delville had squad 2 at work last night This squad has learned to stand up on the pad—if the horse doesn't wabble too much pad—if the horse doesn't wabble too much. Mr. Melville was trying to teach them that graceful little fluttering flip with which the queen of the sawdust ring springs to the saddle before she poises her dainty toes in air and begins to ride.

A dizzy blonde in bloomers, a lace waist, diamond earrings and tennis shoes, was first on the pad. The "pad" is the circus saddle. It looks like a three-fourths bed mattress.

"Hoist the lady up, Jimmy," began Mr.
"Hoist the lady up, Jimmy," began Mr.
Melville. "Now, lady, it's just like this.
Bend the left limb slightly. No, not like
hat. Thrust out the right limb straight, bending the toe. That's it. Now, place your hands on the pommel, and gracefully bring up both fimbs. Kneel on the knee of the right limb, and rest lightly on the instep. That's right. Now, when you go home, practise it on the sofa."

The preserve of the six stood up and

The new queen of the air stood up and braced herself with a 45 miles an hour expression as the white horse began to trot. He is being trained himself, that horse. The team work was poor.

"Halt!" said Melville. The white horse halted all of a sudden. With a shrick the blonde shot over his head. She grasped his neck, swung loose, and hung in midair, nor arms and "limbs" waving wildly. The man who ran the pulley let her gently to earth.

man who ran the pulley let her gently to earth.

"Gee!" said the blonde when she caught her breath, "and this for ten a week. Ain't I glad I joined the circus!"

The limbs of the next victim refused to coordinate, but for standing work she was all right. The next one wore a short skirt, a pair of dancing pumps and a pad of black hair pendent over her left eye. It was her first lesson at standing up.

"Gee-up, Dan!" said Melville to the horse.

"Ow!" said the girl, and waved her arms. The horse trotted right along, though. The pad of hair came loose and trailed over her eye, while she clung frantically to the reins. Presently the horse changed his gait to a canter.

gait to a canter.
"Ow! stop him!" she oried, and off she
tumbled backward, stripping a handful
of the tail from the horse as she fell, whereat faithful animal shied. She landed on

"That's all right, lady," said Melville, reassuringly. "You're doing great. I broke my collarbone twice before I got as far as you've got. Just remember to keep the limbs flexed and well braced."

Pete Barlow and Miss Lilian Schroeder looked on and made expert criticisms. Miss Schroeder drives high school horses

and rides high jumpers. As for Pete Bar-low, he rode bareback before he could talk "Oh, they'll break 'em to standing riding all right," said Barlow. "That's nothing. They won't try any jumps. That takes a "And a rider is born," said Miss Schroeder,

and not made."
"We're breaking in the twenty-four horses "We're breaking in the twenty-four horses at the same time with the girls," said Barlow. "Notice how high they stand. That's because they are pad horses. For a bareback act you want a little chunky horse, about 15 hands 3, with a broad back. But high horses look better under the pad. We don't bother about the gait. Check a horse down close so's his chin is near his chest and he's got to lope easy. But, say, I want to see these twenty-four girls on the opening night!"

Up in the gallery seven of the coming

the opening night!"

Up in the gallery seven of the coming queens of the sawdust sat while the eighth disported on the mechanic, and pulled a canvas sheet over the limbs which were causing Mr. Melville so much trouble.

A dashing brunette who said she'd just been a cowgirl in a Wild West show had the other girls green with envy because she could talk learnedly about tender mouths and surcingles and interference. She gave a solo talk with choral interludes. She said:

Say, the day I answered the ad. they was three girls came with me, and when they heard what was wanted they just

turned up their noses.

" 'Ride in a circus, the idea!' they says.
" 'Oh, in-deed!' I says. 'Maybe it's sour grapes. Them that can't can criticise them that can't I says. They went away

"The idea!" said the other queens.
"But, my! It makes your heart go a hundred times a second the first time the horse begins to bounce. But Mr. Melville is so kind. Whenever I get twisted up with my legs—"
"Limbs!" corrected the crowd in chorus.
"It's different from the chorus, isn't it?"
was thrown out as a remark calculated to

was thrown out as a remark calculated to draw fire.

"Chorus!" they all chorussed indignantly.
"Chorus!" said the cowgirl. "Not for mine. I'm a circus lady."
"Chorus!" said a sentimental blonde. "I have always had a speaking part!"

"Chorus!" said the girl in the lace waist, diamond earrings and bloomers. "I'd like to have my husband hear you."

"Girls, let's go and dress," said the cowgirl. They swept past with their noses in the air.

A TONIO FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Rosy, Healthy and Contented, but' Won't Tell How Old He Is-Father of Fourteen Children-Used to Chase Goats When There Was Little Else in Yorkville.

Roundsman John Farrell doesn't look it. His round, rosy, good natured face doesn't give a hint of it. His erect form, springy step and clear eye would lead you away

off from ever guessing it. Yet it is a cold fact that "Rounds" John Farrell has been twenty-eight years member of the New York police force. As to his age-well, John Farrell sidesteps the question. He doesn't say he is this age or that age. He meets the

square question with a square sidestep. No eating around the bush about it. "John Farrell, how old are you? Honest Injun, now!" said a man who found him at his post of duty yesterday afternoon at the Brooklyn end of the Bridge. You could have found John right there any

time these six years back, whenever it was his business to be there. So the man who was curious about ages found him there yesterday afternoon stamping around in the cold, raw wind with his cheeks like two fresh cut slices of beefsteak, and he said to John, says he:

"John Farrell, how old are you? Honest "Boss," says John, "I sidestep that ques-

tion." Then he laughed. There is just one better thing about John Farrell's laugh than hearing it. That is seeing it. If you are dyspeptic and yet have got to get your face wreathed in the merry style appropriate to the coming Yuletide, you couldn't begin your training better than by oing over the Brooklyn Bridge and getting John Farrell to laugh, and watch him when he does it. Of course, you can't duplicate that leugh. Nobody can. It's a gift. But f you watch it you may get a pointer or so.

It's easy enough to get John to laugh. He's generally laughing. But if you want to see the real rollicking fun illuminating his face get him to tell you about some of the goat raids in the old Nineteenth precinct, up Yorkville way, when he was stationed there about a quarter of a century

"There was Patrolman Campbell," say John, "hanging on to the nannygoat's hind legs, and I hanging on to Campbell's legs, and all three of us sliding down one of those Yorkville rock mountains, and the nanny bleating and Campbell a-swear ing and an old woman hacking away at us with an axe for trying to run in her roat. She didn't hit us; more's the good luck. But it wasn't her fault. She was savage enough, frothing at the mouth and whacking away with her axe. But we got the axe away from her and we arrested the nanny, and Campbell had a new uniform with the front all ripped out

new uniform with the front all ripped out in slices and strings.

"Yes, that was up in the old Nineteenth, with the station in Fifty-ninth street. It was a big precinct. It went on the east from Forty-second street up along the East River as far as Seventieth street. And goats! Don't say a word! They were all squatters on the rocks up there and every squatter had a dozen goats, it seemed. We used to have to start out at 3 o'clock in the morning with a platoon of twenty-Girls, let's go and dress," said the cowgirl. They swept past with their noses in the air.

Down in the ring Melville was reasoning patiently with his last pupil of the evening.

Now, lady, you must remember to flex the left limb and hold the right limb stiff, and with both limbs bent—

East River as far as Seventieth street. And goats! Don't say a word! They were all squatters on the rocks up there and every squatters on the rocks up there and every squatters had a dozen goats, it seemed. We used to have to start out at 3 o'clock in the morning with a platoon of twenty-five men just to round up the goats and and with both limbs bent—

Record.

Spencer T. Hancock, a well known merchant, will to-morrow celebrate his eighty-five bright bright to-morrow celebrate his eighty-five than sixty years ago his health was bad, and he prepared a list of his pall bearers. All of these are dead, and he has prepared

28 YEARS A PEELER AND HAPPY, or four wagon loads at a time and locked 'em up in the pound. And such sorimmages and such a caterwauling of the ROUNDSMAN FARRELL'S LAUGH
Children and old women running after us and heaving rocks and half bricks at us!

You never saw the like.

"That was the first precinct I was assigned to. I went up there on duty as green as they make 'em on the sixth day of December, 1876—just twenty-eight years ago. Joel Erhardt was a police commissioner then—one of the best men ever up on top in the New York police force. I saw him here on the Bridge only the other day, looking as fresh and hearty and full of life as a buck.

"But it wasn't all goat battles we had "But it wasn't all goat battles we had aup there, by a long shot. That was about as tough a precinct in those days as there was in New York. It was where the great picnic grounds of the city were. There was Jones's Woods, Landman's Park, Funk's Park—and Hamilton Park, Hell Hamilton Park Hamilton Park, we used to call it—and a lot more. And every day in the week there was a picnic and at every picnic half a dozen fights. The reserves used to be on the jump all the time, called out to suppress

fights.
"But the picnic scrimmages didn't end it by a good deal. The picnic scrimmages it by a good deal. The picnic scrimmages it by a good deal." were matinees mostly—daytime extras, just thrown in seven days a week to keep us from getting stale. For a steady diet, a reliable, always on tap, night and day entertainment we had Clarrie's Hill, York-ville, Cook Row and Battle Row. This was all home talent fighting, and it was was all nome talent ngnung, and it was always going. Licking policemen was the chief end of man with the population in those quarters, with the Slaughter House gang, with Bull Bradley at their head, doing

special stunts in the same line.
"Bull is dead now, rest his soul. was a tough one, if a tough one ever walked. Holding up people and robbing them and slugging policemen—that was what the gang was at every night. They were a gang was at every night. They were a treacherous lot, at that. There were oper lots with few lights and only the old Second avenue horse cars jingling along now and then, and you had to keep your eye peeled when you were alone up there or they'd sneak up on you and cave in your head. One of our men was nearly killed by them one night in that way.

"Yes, it's twenty-eight years ago since

"Yes, it's twenty-eight years ago since I went up there. I remember the day well. It was the day after the Brooklyn Theatre fire. A tough winter, too, we had that year. I've been here on the Brooklyn Bridge now for six years.

"What do I think of the Job? Well. I'll tell you one thing. There are 113 patrolmen on the Bridge service, and I'll say for them that they are the steadiest, most reliable, straightforward force of policemen I have ever seen in New York. Night or day, winter or summer, in the bottest heat and the fiercest blizzards, you'll find those men, every one of them, right on deck, right where they belong every time. The Bridge walk on the blackest and worst night ever made is as safe as any part of New York. You may walk across that Bridge at any hour of the day or night and you are just as safe as you are in your own you are just as safe as you are in your own home. I've seen it when in point of comfort I'd rather be home. But home wasn't any safer. Why, we don't even have any suicides any more. It's dead dull, if a man's looking for excitement."

"Rounds" John Farrell is the father of courteen children. He is a

fourteen children. He is a grandfather, too, and he doesn't sidestep that either. He likes it. It agrees with him. His grub agrees with him. Everything agrees with him. He is contented and rosy and hearty. He rides on the water cart and he never tackled tobacco in any form. But that is a detail. He'd be good natured and contented anyway. He was born that way.

Outlived All His Pallbearers. Manchester correspondence Philadelphia ! Record.

BUT THERE ARE CHANCES AFTER ONE MAKES GOOD.

Captains Who De Well-Why a Crew Rarely Ship Together a Second Time-No Romance in the Business and Less Danger Than Might Be Supposed.

ness," said the tugboat captain. "It's all work. I've been in it thirty years. I've been everything from deck hand to cook, and cook to skipper, and the only romance I ever ran into wasn't a romance

at all. "It was down off the oyster market a Tenth street. We were pushing in a barge when the captain calls out to me-I was a young chap then-'There's a woman overboard.'

"Sure enough there was. She'd tumbled off a canal boat. I jumped after her and held her up till they heaved a line to us. I got it around her under the arms and they hauled her on deck again.

"The next day I picked up a newspaper and read a great account of how a cop came running down the dock peeling his coat off and shedding his helmet and night stick, and how he plunged into the swirling river and hauled out the beautiful maiden just as she was sinking for the third time. He got a medal or an honorable mention of something. I read later on; but I didn't grudge it to him as long as I didn't have to marry the girl to make a romance. "Was she as ugly as all that?" the other

man put in. "No, she was a pretty good looker, but you see she was only a canaller, and besides I had a romance of my own about that time which was strictly a dry land affair, and I didn't want any story book yarns orisecrossing it.

"Tugboat life is a good enough life for careless young fellow. Your pay of \$30 a month or so is velvet. The owners feed you and feed you well, steak and cereal and buckwheat cakes for breakfast, soup and roast and two or three vegetables and pie or pudding for dinner, fish or chops for supper and all the coffee you can drink You bunk on the boat. You do your own washing. You don't have to wear good clothes. About the only thing you have to buy is tobacco. "So, if you're of a saving nature, you can

"So, if you're of a saving nature, you can soak your money away, as much as \$300 a year. If you're a sport you can cut loose whenever you have a good wad and have a real life of it for a couple of months.

"I knew one old fellow who stuck to the water well on in life and never made good, and that was his way. He'd remain aboard the boat for ten months a year.

"Every time we got to New York he'd make a short run up the street to the nearest bilgery and have two beers, all by himself. Then he'd steer back and never step off the planks again perhaps for a week.

"At the end of ten months he'd draw his pay, throw up his job and disappear. Well, sir, if you met him at one of the hotels along West street while the money lasted, you wouldn't know him. You'd think he was the owner. He always came back feeling good and quite content to lie by for ten months more for another spell of playing gentleman.

"But there's few that's content with that playing gentleman.
"But there's few that's content with that
sort of life after they're 30 years old. It's
a rare thing to see gray whiskers on deck."
"What do they do then?" the captain was

asked.
"Anything. I've known them to take to farm work, teach school, go in business, drive a truck, when they don't make good

while they're young."

"And what do you call making good?"

"Getting your license up to the post office and shipping as a mate at \$50 per and endand shipping as a mate at \$50 per and endbeautiful to \$135 a month.

place according to their seniority, viz., the

eldest captain present to keep on the star-board quarter of the admiral, the second on

the larboard quarter, and so on quite through

the fleet; if any stranger or strangers join company, it is expected he shall receive orders

A lot of signals are then given which are

to be made by the admiral or the captains

on certain occasions. This was before

the days of the signal code of flags and

there were only three or four flags to be

2. That no admiral do bring more than

3. Resolved, That no admiral presume to

bring more than two dozen of wine to his

of the ancient rules and constitution of the

lub, except when my lords the judges are

4. No captain to bring any stranger to the

club, unless they should lie at the captain's house the night before; this order not to

extend to the admiral, who has a right to

invite whom he pleases.
5. Ordered, That the Secretary do pre-

pare an Union Flag, with the Royal Irish Harp and Crown on a green field in the centre.

9. Ordered, That no long tail wigs, large

sleeves, or ruffles be worn by any member

of the club.
11. Ordered, That when any of the fleet

join the admiral, if they have not guns to

cheer to be returned by the captain so salut-

14. Resolved. That such members, on

others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner

21. Ordered, That the admiral singly, or

any three captains whom he shall appoint,

dishes of meat for the entertainment

for it has always been deemed a breach

from the admiral.

and orders read:

of the club.

in vited.

ing.

be fined a bumper.

or any other inferior officer,

be expelled.

ing up as master at \$110 to \$135 a month.
That ain't so bad, is it? That ain't so bad, is it?

"The harbor trade is fall of opportunities. I know one captain that makes \$6,000 a year in commissions. There ain't a thing a ship coming into port or those on board her can want that he isn't ready to supply. If the ship needs a new suit of spars or the skipper wants a suit of clothes, it's all one, the tugboat man will put him in the right way to gratify his wishes."

"And, of course, he gets a commission?"
was suggested.

"And, of course, he gets a commission."
was suggested.
"Generally at both ends. But, of course, it's only the captain can do that. No graft comes the way of the deckhand, except the busted hawsers. He sells them when the blue boat comes alongside. That's

his undisputed perquisite."
"Is there much sociability among the

"No, not much. There's no scrapping or fighting; but there's 'most no sort of chumminess. Take the ordinary good sized tug—there'll be on board her the captain and mate, first and second engineer, two firemen, the cook, two deckhands and a boy. There's ten people cooped up in a space not over 100 feet by 22.

"They are penned together, whether working or idling. There isn't a spot on the boat where a man can get away from the rest, even for five minutes. And in seagoing tugs that may go on for three

from the rest, even for five minutes. And in seagoing tugs that may go on for three or four days or even a week.

"Monotony's no name for it, and, after a while it ain't wonderful if the men come to hate the look of each other and get expressing opinions in a kind of roundabout, sarcastic way. The only odd thing to me is that the feeling so seldom breaks out into real bad blood. But you'll never hear of a crew shipping together a second time." of a crew shipping together a second time."
"I suppose the men dread the winter time?"

"It makes no particular difference. Rough weather means nothing to them, and as for the cold, they don't feel it so

and as for the cold, they don't feel it so much as you'd think.

"When the boat's in motion they can keep under cover most of the time. The worst is making up and casting off a tow. They have to be wary on slippery decks, and it's not exactly a choice job handling a wet hawser with the mercury at zero. But even that mayn't be as bad as it seems."

"And how about the danger?"

"No more than in any other occupation. Not as many tuploat men lose their lives.

"No more than in any other occupation.

Not as many tugboat men lose their lives in proportion as railroaders.

"I was out once with a fleet of street cleaning scows when the wind blew forty-seven miles an hour. It came on blowing when we were off Rockaway at 3 in the morning. We were near Norton's Point at 8 A. M. and at 3 in the afternoon we were back off Rockaway again. We had to cut loose from the soows at last, for we had only one soul snough left to get the tug her-

back off Bockaway again. We had to cut loose from the soows at last, for we had only ooal enough left to get the tug herself in.

"A revenue cutter came along and took the men off the scows. They were all dages, and, do you know, they clubbed together and bought for the skipper of that cutter the finest gold watch you'd want to see. They're a grateful people.

"Another time I was in a squadron, you might call it, of tugs going from Northern ports to Ouba just after the war. I was on the Thomas Watson from New York, a good see boak, but we had one little tug that we picked up at the Delaware Breakwater, called the Olympic.

"One night in Pimlico Sound we got caught in a hard blow and she was driven on the sheals on the east side of the inlet. They expected she'd go to pieces all night. They had no signals on board and they had to make them by dipping their brooms in kerosene and

board and they had to make them by dipping their brooms in kerosene and making torches of them.

"Then some of the flaming oil dropped on the deck and set the tug afire. The lifeboats couldn't get to her, though they tried all night, and it was only next morning that we were able to take the crew off in the Watson, eight men and a boy.

"But that's nothing. Why, on the other hand, I've steamed from here to Havana without ever getting the deck wet."

CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Coffins as Furniture.

From the London Daily Mail. A man living at Queensbury not only used is comin as a piece of household furniture, but he has also a grave made in the local churchyard headed by a gravestone on which his name is set out in conventional style. Underneath is the line: "Not dead, but

One man at Tong, near Bradford, kept his Sunday clothes in his coffin, and another who are porridge at breakfast, used his coffir Some years ago a Keighley man kept butter-

fly specimens in his coffin

Imagination Caused Death.

From the Chicago News.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor

The refrigerating apparatus, however, was

out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the journey.

Farmer Shot by a Cow.

From the Alra Pioneer. Ira Cummins, a Woods county farmer, was accidentally shot near Marshall while at-

Cummins carried a loaded shotgun, and the

cow became angry and chased Cummins. In so doing she caught her horns on the gun trigger, discharging the weapon. The conents entered Cummins's breast, killing him instantly. Squaw's Advice Sought by Braves.

The party from the Creek enrollment division of the Dawes Commission which has been in the field for some time taking testi-

mony relative to names on the allotment rolls met with a remarkable Indian woman. She has wonderful powers of leadership and her fame for wisdo n and valuable counsel has spread throughout the entire Snake

a fullblood Snake. Her home is at Hillabee, a fullblood settlement west of Eufaula. The braves of the tribe never undertake a hunting expedition without first seeking her advice. The Indians usually look with contempt upon the advice of a "squaw," and it is a most unusual occurrence to find an Indian worsen atting in the council meetings of the tribe. Fahne, however, has this privilege, her opinions always being asked on such occasions. She is 50 years old and has an enviable reputation for virtue and honest dealing. She is often consulted by Wachacha the chie medicine man of the Snake tribe, who is supsport to be in closest touch with the Great Spirit. To be taken into the confidence of the medicine man would be considered an honor by any of the men of the tribe. A woman who enjoys this distinction is con-sidered by the tribesmen doubly hellored.

Regained Health in Long Drive. Elderado correspondence Des Moines Rega-ister and Leader. Determined to improve his wife's health

by plenty of pure at and out of door life, B. A. Richardson, who has just arrived at Belle Plaine, succeeded in accomplishing his mission in a povel and unique manner. his mission in a novel and unique manner.

The family had been in the State of Washington for some time, and, longing to get back to lows, they started with a horse and wagon from Spokane July 22, drove all the way to Belle Plaine, got home in time to start as once for Evanston to spend Thanksgiving and Mts. Richardson has fully recovered her lost health, thanks to the long and extended wagon ride. The distance traversed is nearly 2,500 miles.

The health of Mrs. Richardson began to improve as soon as the family had been on the trip two weeks, and to-day she is enjoying the health of her girlhood, the best of her life.